

OWEN

Reader's Theater Script adapted from the original story by Kevin Henkes

Characters (6)

Narrator 1

Narrator 2

Owen

Mother

Father

Mrs. Tweezers

Narrator 1: This is the story of OWEN, and his blankie☺

Narrator 2: Owen had a fuzzy yellow blanket. He'd had it since he was a baby. He loved it with all his heart.

Owen: "Fuzzy goes where I go,"

Narrator 1: said Owen. And Fuzzy did. Upstairs, downstairs, in-between. Inside, outside, upside down.

Owen: "Fuzzy likes what I like,"

Narrator 2: said Owen. And Fuzzy did, orange juice, grape juice, chocolate milk, ice cream, and peanut butter!

Mrs. Tweezers: "Isn't he getting a little old to be carrying that thing around? Haven't you heard of the Blanket Fairy?"

Narrator 1: asked Mrs. Tweezers. But, Owen's parents hadn't. So, Mrs. Tweezers filled them in.
That night, Owen's parents told Owen to put Fuzzy under his pillow.

Narrator 2: In the morning, Fuzzy would be gone, but the Blanket Fairy would leave an absolutely wonderful, positively perfect, especially terrific big-boy gift in its place.

Narrator 1: Owen stuffed Fuzzy inside his pajama pants and went to sleep.

Owen: "No Blanket Fairy,"

Narrator 2: said Owen in the morning.

Mother: "No kidding,"

Narrator 1: said Owen's mother.

Father: "No wonder,"

Narrator 2: said Owen's father.

Mother: "Fuzzy's dirty,"

Narrator 1: said Owen's mother.

Father: "Fuzzy's torn and ratty,"

Narrator 2: said Owen's father.

Owen: "No, Fuzzy is perfect."

Narrator 1: said Owen. And Fuzzy was.

Narrator 2: Fuzzy played Captain Plunger with Owen. Fuzzy helped Owen become invisible.

Narrator 1: And Fuzzy was essential when it came to nail clippings and haircuts and trips to the dentist.

Mrs. Tweezers: "Can't be a baby forever, haven't you heard of the vinegar trick?"

Narrator 2: said Mrs. Tweezers. But, Owen's parents hadn't. Mrs. Tweezers filled them in.

Narrator 1: When Owen wasn't looking, his father dipped Owen's favorite corner of Fuzzy into a jar of vinegar.

Narrator 2: Owen sniffed it and smelled it and sniffed it. He picked a new favorite corner.

Narrator 1: Then he rubbed the smelly corner all around the sandbox, buried it in the garden, and dug it up again.

Owen: "Good as new,"

Narrator 2: said Owen. Fuzzy wasn't very fuzzy anymore. But Owen didn't mind.

Narrator 1: He carried it. And wore it. And dragged it. He sucked it. And hugged it. And twisted it.

Mother: "What are we going to do?"

Narrator 2: asked Owen's mother.

Father: "School is starting soon,"

Narrator 1: said Owen's father.

Mrs. Tweezers: "Can't bring a blanket to school, haven't you heard of saying no?"

Narrator 2: said Mrs. Tweezers. Owen's parents hadn't. Mrs. Tweezers filled them in.

Owen: "I have to bring Fuzzy to school,"

Narrator 1: said Owen.

Mother: "No,"

Narrator 2: said Owen's mother.

Father: "No,"

Narrator 1: said Owen's father.

Narrator 2: Owen buried his face in Fuzzy. He started to cry and would not stop.

Mother: "Don't worry,"

Narrator 1: said Owen's mother.

Father: "It'll be all right,"

Narrator 2: said Owen's father. And then suddenly Owen's mother said,

Mother: "I have an idea!"

Narrator 1: It was an absolutely wonderful, positively perfect, especially terrific idea.

Narrator 2: First she snipped. And then she sewed. Then she snipped again and sewed some more.
Snip, snip, snip. Sew, sew, sew.

Mother: "Dry your eyes. Wipe your nose."

Owen: Hooray, hooray, hooray!

Narrator 1: Now, Owen carries one of his not-so-fuzzy handkerchiefs with him wherever he goes, and Mrs. Tweezers doesn't say a thing!

ALL: THE END!